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ONE IS DEAD, AND THE OTHER MUST DIE.



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Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.

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The Index to Vol. 5 of PUCK is published as a  
supplement to this number.

**CONTENTS.**

Where Shall We Go for Salva-  
tion?.....Shakspeare Studies.—John Al-  
bro.  
The Twin Bull-Frogs.....Crossed (poem).—Arthur Lot.  
PUCKERINGS.....What Makes Old Maids.  
In the Streets.....Sensible Question—illus.  
The Return of Prosperity—illus.  
Reducing the Army.....Nice Young Men.  
A Statesman.—Chas. Monselet.  
Heart-Rending Grief—illus.  
A Warning—illus.  
A Chapter in the Life of Lord  
Peter.—Leo. C. Evans.

Shakspeare Studies.—John Al-  
bro.  
Crossed (poem).—Arthur Lot.  
What Makes Old Maids.  
Sensible Question—illus.  
Nice Young Men.  
Theatres.  
ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.  
FITTING IN AMERICA.—  
No. CX.  
ARCHIE GASCORNE.—John Fraser  
PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

**WHERE SHALL WE GO FOR SALVATION?**

IF we desire to reach any part of the habi-  
table globe, we can consult our "Cook's  
Tourists' Guide," or the railway and  
steamship advertisements in the daily papers,  
to find a sure, speedy and direct route; pur-  
chasing the necessary ticket therefor, we find  
ourselves, in due time, at the haven we seek.

But if we desire to soar beyond this habitable  
sphere, and flit away above, (or below,) the  
routes and the guides are so many, so contra-  
dictory, and so confusing, that the poor man,  
who would fain be *en route* for Heaven, gets  
himself completely mixed and finds himself at  
a standstill. In point of fact it is so very hard  
to decide how to get to Heaven that large  
numbers of people, it is said, make no effort at  
all to get there; and, as Heaven is acknowledged  
to be a "Land of Supreme Delight," it seems  
to us that these lying "Guides" with their  
contradictory routes, who prevent mankind  
from rushing there directly, should be incontin-  
ently squelched.

We say *lying* guides advisedly; and are they  
not? As they all disagree, they cannot *all* be  
right; and if any one of the crowd is right, are  
not all the rest lying guides?

Suppose a man goes over to Brooklyn, or  
wherever else the meandering Doctor Fulton  
happens to have a church or a hall, and gets  
himself well soused, head over heels, in that  
worthy divine's baptismal tub, so that he is  
assured he is going swimmingly to heaven,  
wouldn't he feel just mad when St. Peter barred  
the Gates against him and told him he ought  
to have come by the Episcopal Ritual Route,  
*via* Rev. Cream Cheese! Or, if a worthy soul,  
for years, pours all her big and little sins into  
the ears, and nearly all her dollars into the lap  
of a snuffy old prelate, that she may secure  
passage to the Bright Beyond, wouldn't it be  
rough on her to find herself switched off to the  
Infernal Sing-Sing and held there on a charge  
of "mummery and worshipping of false gods?"  
And there is our good brother Talmage! Think  
how it would be if all the devout people of

England, Ireland, and Brooklyn who hope they  
are dancing on to Heaven with him, should be  
brought up with a round turn in—well, say in  
Hades—and be made to dance on hot plates  
with the peculiarly uncomfortable application  
to their persons of a hot poker. And if the  
happy-go-lucky guidance of Mr. Beecher be  
taken, isn't one as apt to step down and out  
into outer darkness as to meet with disaster on  
any other route?

It may be said these are extreme cases; but  
is it not the fact that all these Guides set them-  
selves up as showing the only true route? Does  
not the mitred Bishop tell you that the Prote-  
stants will go to Hell, and that Salvation is only  
to be found (if paid for) in the True Church?  
And do not the stiff and starched presenters of  
the Protestant idea assure you that all Roman  
Catholics, and all the other divisions and sub-  
divisions of their own creed, are on the "wrong  
road?"

It is all very much like the scenes enacted on  
our piers last summer when the rival steamboat  
runners assured passengers that only *their* boats  
landed at the proper place, and that all oppo-  
sition boats would either burst their boilers or  
get stuck in the mud. All of which was con-  
fousing to the timid pater-familias with many  
young ones and weighty lunch baskets.

But it is too uncertain and mixed-up at  
present. A man isn't even sure how he can  
go to Hell, if he wishes; certain creeds and  
teachers asserting there is no Hell. We hope  
this confusion worse confounded will soon be  
straightened out, for at present all we can do  
towards realizing our hopes is to obey the laws,  
be a good citizen, be kind to our neighbors,  
mind our own business, and do no man wrong.

THE Batrachian Butler groaned in woe,  
And his breast within him sank,  
As his brother bull-frog in O-hi-o  
Up Salt River started to go,  
And the East wind bears us Ben's mournful, slow  
"Wo-honk, wohank!"

**THE TWIN BULL-FROGS.**

GENERAL EWING, the Governor non-  
elect of Ohio, and Mr. Benjamin Butler,  
the Governor non-elect of Massachu-  
setts, are the Chang and Eng of inflationists.

One is already a little deader than a door-  
nail, and the other can't possibly survive the  
loss of his deceased Greenback brother.

The Republicans are rejoicing at the height  
of what they consider the tidal wave in their  
favor, which they imagine has swamped every  
Democrat in Ohio as well as in other states of  
the Union, and think it is owing to the long-  
deferred recognition of the heavenly qualities  
which they fondly believe themselves to possess  
above all other parties to an eminent degree.

We think they are mistaken. Puck doesn't  
care a red cent which party is in power,—barring  
greenbackers and inflationists—the country in  
the hands of honest Democrats is likely to be  
just as safe as in the hands of swindling Re-  
publicans, or vice versa.

What the election in Ohio proves beyond  
all doubt is that the sensible people in Ohio  
will not countenance imaginary money in any  
shape whatever, the question as to whether a  
Republican or Democrat professes the heresy  
being a very small matter to the people, al-  
though of the highest importance to a host of  
place-hunting politicians.

Inflation or anything approaching to it "must  
go," and the dead cartilage which now hangs  
to the Bull-frog Butler, which once bound him  
greenbackly, so to speak, to General Ewing,  
will soon hasten the political turning up of the  
toes of Bully Ben—and he will croak no more.

**Puckerings.**

WHEN Power makes a joke, Expectancy  
smiles and sees a point-meant.

THE most confirmed inebriate will decline a  
horn, if it be offered by a bull.

A MAN with a new suit of clothes wonders  
why everyone else looks so shabby.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS is reminded that the club  
which goes too often to the skull—etc.

SINCE the investiture of Victoria with that  
new title, her manner is said to be more em-  
pressive.

WE wish the late Miss Florence McDonald  
had been in love with Captain Williams. But  
then she wouldn't have been.

It appears that Dr. Lemoyne couldn't get  
himself cremated, after all. How little difficulty  
Captain Williams would have in getting such a  
dying injunction carried out!

WE are afraid that it may excite jealous feel-  
ings in the breast of Mr. R. B. Hayes to see  
Lorne left alone to do just as he pleases, with-  
out his wife or his mother-in-law.

It may soothe the soul of Mr. John Kelly,  
and in some measure off-set his forebodings,  
to know that Puck's Annual for 1880 will come  
out about the second week in November, just  
when he will want something to brighten him up.

WE trust that Mr. Kelly's honorarium from  
Mr. Cornell is not contingent upon the success  
of the Republican cause. There is a hard  
winter coming, and we should not like to see  
New York City's favored statesman reduced to  
working the soup-house racket.

THE cost of Mr. Cyrus Field's Third Avenue  
Elevated Railroad is said to be 360,000 dollars  
a mile. There must be a mistake somewhere  
for judging by the sweetly comfortable cars,  
and the delightful smoothness of the travelling  
on the road; we should think \$3.60 a mile  
would much more than cover the real outlay.

WE understand, from private advices, that  
the real reason why Mr. Courtney, the Victim  
of Fate, did not row the promised race with  
Mr. Hanlan was that some fiend in human form  
got at the lake the night before, and pumped  
all the water out into a bucket. Of course, you  
couldn't expect a man to row if there is no  
water. This is one of the peculiar brand of  
misfortunes copyrighted and used only by  
Mr. Courtney.

Puck will publish about Thanksgiving, in time for the Tur-  
key, an

**ANNUAL FOR 1880,**

130 pages, all new and original matter, the best of its kind and  
plenty of it; profusely and gorgeously illustrated by J. Keppler,  
J. A. Wales, Michael Angelo and other members of Puck's  
artistic staff.

Those who contemplate purchasing the Encyclopædia Britan-  
nica, or the New York City Directory, are informed that they will  
find

**PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1880**

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## IN THE STREETS.

YOUR "Street Commisioner" is already in a "decided fix." When a man has friends on both sides in a dispute—what shall he do? He must displease one or the other by a clear decision. He can't be mute if it is his business to speak his mind.

"Sir," exclaims an irate individual of the name of Small, "to whom belong the streets and sidewalks of the business quarters of the city? Say rather the sidewalks, and leave the roadways to those who use them. I am a peripatetic diurnal, and, below Canal Street, I daily find myself in peril of life and limb from the blocked-up condition of the sidewalks."

"Shut up," retorts Great, a young, vigorous salesman from Browns and Gowns, the wholesale vendors of suits, boots, capes, crapes, wraps, caps, and all the millinery and "sillinery" called dress-goods and fancy articles. "Who have made New York what it is? The merchant, the store-keeper and the warehouseman are the pride and power, the bone and muscle, especially since the athletic meetings and the walking-matches, of the mud of Manhattan. It is their money that has built the palaces, the stately temples of commerce, and the heavenward towering castles that dominate Broadway."

Of course this young Cicero of the counter does not care the tenth of a cent to be told that these edifices are mostly monotonous in aspect, and, with all their glitter of polished marble, or granite, and plate-glass windows, are dark, rambling, gloomy tombs of structures, which by their height and solidity shut out light and air uncommonly. It is quite true that the "business men" think their business and every means of advancing it the first thing in creation. Their "horses and chariots," or rather their drags, wagons and trucks possess the avenues as they please, and control and direct the tide of traffic that flows down the roadway, and it is no stretch of conscience for these pursuers of profit, at all risk, to strive to possess all the approaches to their stores and counting-houses.

Who are the pedestrians after nine o'clock in the morning? The elevated railroads, and the cars, and the stages have deposited the clerks, the runners, the rank and file of the

army which occupies the marts and the warehouses. And who can care for others who may chance to be afoot outside? Pile up packing-case upon packing-case; wheel out the rolls of oil-cloth; hurl down the canvas bale; drag out the bag of wool; stack up carpet upon carpet, and build thereby a barricade of box, bundle, and the whole baggage of dry-goods—impassable, invincible, immovable! As for customers, nothing daunts them in the way of impediment. Some even hold it inspiring to penetrate the devious paths of entry to the magazine, where all their hopes and aims are to be accommodated. So, think not an instant of anybody else—and block up the sidewalk without another word!

No one knows the power and daring of these Barons of Broadway, with their huge fortresses, over which Mammon keeps untiring watch and ward, till he encounters them. Their law, sole law, like that of their bold prototypes of the Middle Ages, is their own will. The policeman, the Justice, and the statute-book have no terrors for them. There is a "Bureau of Incumbrances" attached to the City Hall, associated, by a grave satire, with the "Bureau of Permits," and it has its myrmidons; but the Hall of the Sleeping Princess in the fairy tale did not own more somnolent retainers.

"Bureaus of Incumbrances"? The legal incumbrance is more tiresome than the material incumbrance complained of.

Let us walk observingly down the left-hand side of Broadway, between Grand Street and the Post Office, cross the road and stumble into West Broadway through Chambers Street, and return to the point from which we started, by way of Worth Street, both sides of which have the air of being prepared for constructing edifices of huge wooden cases, four feet high. What do we see? Of course we won't name names; that is not our place, nor our pleasure? But if, according to one morning's computation, an aggregate of some fifteen hundred and thirty-five, or more, packing-cases, bags, bales, rolls, boxes and indecipherable bundles be not found on the sidewalks in the course of our perambulation, decapitate the handsome golden-locked head of the writer of this remonstrance, on the green in front of the Comptroller's windows, where there are plenty of men ready to do such a job hanging about. HILARIS.

## REDUCING THE ARMY.

ONCE upon a time, and again once upon a time—which makes twice upon two several times, some of our Celtic fellow-citizens, conceiving that they had been wronged by the Government of the United States, and by that of the sovereign State of New York, undertook to settle their grievances by clearing out the city of Manhattan.

On one occasion they had a chance to effect what clearing they could within the space of three days, and then they were soothed into law-abiding calm by the clubs of the police—for once, used to a good end. On their second attempt to restore the balance of equity by weighing the shillelah against the truncheon of law, they withdrew from the match in rather less than one hour.

Since that last little experiment, they have wooed coy justice with less vivacity, yet with greater benefit to themselves.

If they hadn't they would probably have been clubbed into the oblivious silence that enshrouds the head waters of Salt River, long before this.

For, we beg you to note, there was no cheap sentiment wasted upon them. When the rioters broke into a man's house and destroyed his furniture and desecrated his household gods, the despoiled citizen did not trouble himself to invent fancy excuses for the playful outburst of Hibernian vivacity. He simply swore, collected his bill from the city government, and made no objection on earth to seeing legal vengeance visited on the gentlemen who had abused his hospitality.

You see, it came right home to him.

Yet when Great-Chief-Afraid-of-his-Pocket-Handkerchief, having some cause of complaint against a government agent, falls foul of Herder Jim's ranch, scalps pastoral James himself, kills his children, burns his home and—well—does so much worse that General Sheridan or Miles or somebody comes down with his cavalry and drives G-C-A-o-h-P-H. before him like leaves before a gale—then does the horror, the wrong, the madness of the whole business come home to Mr. John Smith, citizen of New York?

Not much. Mr. John Smith says the Indians were first here; and that they own the land. He doesn't talk about seeking out the remnants of the Iroquois nation and offering them a title-deed to his own property on the Fifth Avenue; but he calmly asserts that when a Western tribe isn't blessed with a satisfactory agent, said tribe has a perfect right to exhume the tomahawk and devastate the surrounding settlements.

Which process of reasoning shows simply that Mr. John Smith's personal and particular scalp is not interested in the question.

Jim the Herder feels differently.

But Mr. John Smith has "the say." An aggregation of John Smiths, ignorant and indifferent, make up the public whose opinion influences the central government. It is John Smith in the plural who cries "Lo! the poor Indian!—the untutored and impulsive child of the forest—the wronged aborigine!"

And mighty easy it is for John Smith to cry after this fashion. Much less easy would it be were he out west to see the operation of his principles.

To see the poor little corporal's guard that we call the U. S. Army marched from station to station to be shot down, battalion after battalion, by savages supplied with government rifles, trained for war on government reservations, fed with government food, and spurred on to war by the government's own inability to carry out the provisions of an absurdly impossible system of special support, which practically colonizes a lot of pauper outlaws at the public expense and to the public harm.

That is what Mr. John Smith ought to see.

## THE RETURN OF PROSPERITY.



UNCLE SAM AT THE BIG END OF THE HORN.

## A STATESMAN.

SCENE.—The Library of the Hon. Member from the Cohosh District.

THE HON. MEMBER, SOLUS, READING A LETTER.

"Your constituents rely on you. The time has come to fulfill the promises you have made—"

D'ye hear that? Fulfill my promises! I'll tell you what it is, my friends in the Cohosh district ain't got no realizing sense of the exigencies of public life. Promises! If I was going to fulfill promises, why—why, I ask you, should I make 'em? [reading.]

"In the present crisis, you should not be silent. We elected you—"

You did, oh, you did, my friends. And your free and independent suffrages cost the General Committee nigh onto fifteen hundred dollars—

"And we expect to hear from you."

You shall, my Cohosh constituents, you shall! Hoist up your fourteen-thousand-eight-hundred-and-eleven ears. That represents, I calculate, seven-thousand-four-hundred-and-six free and independent electors, including one with an ear chewed off—I masticated that ear myself, in the frisky days of my lightsome childhood. Yes, hoist up your ears, Cohosh, you shall hear from me. [reading.]

"The constitution is in danger. Speak! Speak in thunder tones! Speak!"

Speak! Speak in thunder tones! I ain't a-thundering this year. I ain't got no call to thunder. Speak! Oh, it's all-fired easy to say: "Speak!"—but it's a horse of a different color to do the hollering yourself. [He throws the letter into the waste-basket.] The gift of eloquence, sir, is one I was never presented with. I have been made the happy recipient of bull-pups. Cigars and liquor I don't even count. Stocks and bonds come my way now and then, in the course of business; and once, my friend, once, I got a bed-quilt. A patchwork bed-quilt, sir, from an enthusiastic old lady in the Cohosh district. I traded that bed-quilt, sir, for the wash-bill of the current week. Yes, I have been variously and frequently donated to; and, on the whole, I can't complain. But the gift of eloquence, sir, has not come my way. I have tried the Demosthenes racket. I have cavorted around with rocks in my mouth. I have even swallowed a couple of 'em, which was bad for the digestion; but they didn't give me no flooency of language. I can write, sir,—Oh, Holy Moses, I can write! I have written scorchers in the Cohosh *Clarion*—scorchers that withered my political opponents. I can sling ink like a bald-headed hyena of journalism. I can converse in private just as long as I can hang onto a man's button-hole. I have a choice collection of "This-man-was-talked-to-death" cards. But when it comes to standing up on the trybune—to firing off my mouth to the representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled—I'm a goner. My knees beat the devil's tattoo agin each other, and my legs gineraly feel limp and kinder wobbly. I lose the thread of my discourse, I do, and I usually have to go down to the bar—I mean to say, the stationery-room to find it.

And when I do speak—I speak Cohosh. And the Cohosh dialect goes first-rate in Cohosh; but its powerful liable to raise hilarity in the legislative halls. I'll be dum, sir, if their confounded shorthand man didn't take me down the other day: "The gawdness of Freedom is on the eedge of bustin' her biler!" Now, I may have said bust, but I'm blowed if I said biler.

But it got into the *Congressional Globe*, all the same.

I'll satisfy your yearnings, though, my beloved friends in Cohosh. I can't orate; but by the Great Horn Spoon, I can interrupt!

That's my line.

I've got a genius in the interrupting biz; and I mean to work it.

Interruption, sir, parliamentary interruption, is a high and noble art; and I ain't no slouch at it.

If you don't believe me, look at the various styles of interruption. There's the simple article—the primary or infant grade of interruption, such as:

Order! Hear, hear!! No, sir!!! Put him out! Repeat your remarks!! Bully boy!!!

Then there's the next quality—suitable for old hands. Let us subdivide this class, gentlemen of the jury, into the Sarcastic, the Humorous, the Apoplectic and the Scandalized interruption.

The Sarcastic is when you fetch a man up short, just in the middle of his speech, with "Say, hayseed, does your clo'es fit yer?"

I've been fetched up that way myself. Then there's the Humorous interruption. *That* I will leave to my respected colleague, Mr. Samuel Cox. When I git down to his style, I'll join the minstrels and black up.

Now, for the Apoplectic and the Scandalized. That's the unpremeditated outburst of indignation, that is, and wants to be worked up very carefully. It requires practice.

"Mr. Speaker! I protest in the name of common-sense—of decency—of the purity of womanhood—and a reduction of the tariff!"

Or

"Do the honorable member know that he is hoistin' the Bloody Wamsutta—the sanguinary shirt, I say, Mr. Speaker?"

Now, just let me get this business down fine, right here. [Taking off his neck-tie.] Mr. Speaker! I protest, sir! With the last drop of my life-blood I pro-test agin—

THE WIFE OF THE HON. MEMBER, [entering.] Judge, do you intend to bring this house down?

THE HON. MEMBER, [undismayed.]

I do, Mr. Speaker, ma'am. Let us bring this house down—let us rend apart the pillars of this noble edifice, let us shatter the irrefragable foundations of governmental solidity—let us involve the whole thing in eternal smash before we consent to listen to the doctrines advocated by my honorable colleague from Arkansas! Let us—

THE WIFE OF THE HON. MEMBER.

Judge, you come right along, do you hear?

Quick curtain.

EPILOGUE.

TIME.—Two months later. SCENE.—Bar-room of the Cohosh Hotel.

1st CONSTITUENT.

I'll make it Burbin this time. Jake, did yer read the *Clarion* to-day about the Honorable member from Cohosh?

2d CONSTITUENT.

Rye for me. I allers said Cohosh would be heern from.

3rd CONSTITUENT.

He ain't one of your lo-quacious old roosters, the judge ain't, that talks all day, and don't say naathin'. You hear from the Jedge right along, and all-fired lively. A little sugar in mine, if you please, young man.

2d CONSTITUENT.

I don't want to talk, only you jes' wait till '81.

3rd CONSTITUENT.

He'd be a powerful eloquent man in the presidential cheer.

1st CONSTITUENT.

Fact is, boys, I dropped him a little note about the beginning of this session—

DROP.

CHARLES MONSELET.

## HEART-RENDING GRIEF

OF THE CANDIDATE FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



"IF THE QUEEN COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW!"



## A WARNING.

To those young men who are afflicted with a propensity to write original *Vers d'amour*, and to inflict the same on the unfortunate female species of our race.



What lovely perfume!

Well, I declare.

If that ain't the coolest—

The Wretch!

Such stuff!



Oh, Heavens!

Sir—Allow me to suggest.

It's my unpleasant duty, etc.

Requesting you will never \*\*\*\*

Very Respectfully Yours, etc.

## A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF LORD PETER.

THE sun had risen, and so had Peter, surnamed The Philanthropist to distinguish him from Peter the Great. He cast his eye upon his blooming grand-daughter, and said, "Ducky, won't you get me my fan?"

And Ducky found the fan with which her ancient grandpa was wont to raise a breeze.

Peter wandered hither and thither in an absent-minded way, until he bethought himself that he had to write a letter on Finance, when he called for his air-cushion, from which he had drawn all his inflation ideas. But the wonderful cushion was nowhere to be seen. The retainers of my Lord Peter sought many hours in every nook in the castle; they reluctantly became convinced that it was not within its walls.

Then did Lord Peter swear numerous mighty oaths, using, I grieve to say, a very "big D," whereat D. Kearney, the Pacifator, blushed until his cheeks matched his "biled shirt."

Lord Peter retired to the Green Room and rang for Ducky.

"Ducky," said he, when she came, "go you for Earl Edward, your uncle. Tell him that I want to write a letter on Finance, and that I would like to use his head as a seat while I am composing it."

"But," interrupted Ducky, "I—"

"But me no buts," exclaimed her grandpa impatiently. "Go, and stand not on the order of your going."

When Ducky delivered her message Earl Edward frowned. Now Edward was an obedient son, who had heretofore done whatever his papa had commanded, for Edward, as is well known, never knew what to do himself. Still, obedience has a limit, so waving Ducky away with one hand, while he obliterated the part in the middle of his hair with the other, he said:

"Tell your grandpa I will not allow my head to be used as a cushion. His air-cushion will suit his purpose."

"But, uncle," explained Ducky, "he cannot find his air-cushion, and he thinks your head would be a very good substitute."

"Avaunt! Ducky," exclaimed Earl Edward furiously, and she availed, and soon again stood in the presence of Lord Peter.

"Well?" he said in a questioning tone.

"He will not come, grandpa."

"Ha! he will not come, you say. The strap, Ducky, the strap."

Lord Peter lost no time in reaching the house of Earl Edward.

"Edward," he said sternly, as he chained and bolted the front door behind him, putting the keys in his pocket, "Edward, where are you?"

And Edward, with a tremolo in his voice which would have made his fortune as an operatic star, answered: "Here, papa."

"Locate yourself," demanded Lord Peter.

"Doubled up in the small closet of the waste-room, top story, back."

"Come down!" yelled Lord Peter lustily, as he paced the drawing-room floor.

Earl Peter came down.

"Are you prepared to obey me?" asked Lord Peter.

"I am," answered Earl Edward meekly.

"Then follow," and Lord Peter passed through the hall of the mansion and entered a room, the Earl's study, or rather what the Earl was pleased to term his study. And the son placed his head upon the seat of a chair, standing beside the desk, and the father sat upon that head. Then Lord Peter began to write. Page upon page he put aside. He wrote a lengthy opinion of the condition of the country, but thought not of the condition of poor Earl Edward. Finally Lord Peter stopped.

"The ink is played out," he said.

"So am I," remarked Earl Edward.

"Why, Edward, my boy, I had almost forgotten you," said Lord Peter. "You air better nor my air-cushion," and his paternal heart relented and Edward stood again.

The letter? Well, that was never completed. Strange, strange, men come and go; rivers rush to the seas, seas to the ocean; the seasons make their annual round, and policemen's victims still are found, just as if it had been!

LEO. C. EVANS.

## SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

## MACBETH—ACT 4.

THIS act opens with a dark cave. "In the middle, a cauldron boiling thunder." Now-a-days it is cooked up with sheet-iron and bass-drums. The stage only knows these stew methods.

THE eye of Newton is alleged to have been in that cauldron.—[Sc. 1.

THE witch threatened Macbeth with immersion in that big pot. "Slips of you," they told him, "shall be added." And as a "Tartar's slips" were already sizzling over the fire, he had good cause to keep respectfully quiet.—[Sc. 1.

So exact had to be the quantity of each ingredient composing the charm that they were nicely weighed in a "scale-of dragon."—[Sc. 1.

THERE is small cause for surprise that Birnam Wood should indulge in a promenade in an age when "palaces and pyramids do slope."—[Sc. 1.

AN apparition of a child with a tree in his hand. The kind of tree has been disputed about, but how could he have had other than a palm in his hand?

IN the little game played in the cave there were eight kings turned up, showing that Mac was in the habit of dealing with two packs.—[Sc. 1.

THE monarch speaks of a sharp person as "tool like."—[Sc. 1.

JOHN ALERO.



## CROSSED.

**F**AIR beauty in a maid comes not alone  
 From perfect contour of a swelling bust,  
 From dainty limb, shown by a vagrant gust  
 Of wind, which drapery aside has blown,  
 Nor from bright locks, which are the maiden's own,  
 Nor comes it all from features finely cut,  
 Nor from complexion clear and snowy; but  
 From all of these in combination thrown  
 With sparkling, beaming, ever glist'ning eyes,  
 From which a soul looks out straight in your face.  
 With such one never thinks to seek for why  
 Or wherefore, but kneels down and begs for grace.  
 But all such power of a maid is lost,  
 When she looks crooked out of eyes much crossed.

She sat beside the brook, upon a log,  
 At eventide upon a summer day,  
 The while the red-breast chirped his evening lay,  
 While clear and sweet came music from the frog;  
 And still she sat while rose the twilight fog,  
 Malaria bringing, with its many ills,  
 But what cared she for fever or for chills?  
 With other things her mind was now agog.  
 She madly thought of other days, when sat  
 Close by her side, with arm around her waist,  
 Another form decked in a stove-pipe hat  
 And diamond studs, unless the gems were paste.  
 But ah! this lover she aside had tossed.  
 And thus most sadly had her love been crossed.

The written page! How oft therein we find  
 Sweet words, which bring us messages of peace,  
 Dear words, which bid our giant heart throbs cease,  
 Grand words, which nobly, bravely serve to bind  
 The scattered races of our common kind,  
 Or tender words, to soothe a mother's pain,  
 Or loving words, which bring to heart again  
 A hope of bliss, for which it long has pined!  
 Thus on the written page the marks of pen,  
 Formed into words of message kind or drear,  
 May happiness or shame bring unto men,  
 If only what is writ is written clear;  
 For all the charm of writing may be lost,  
 Unless in every case the t is crossed.

ARTHUR LOT.

## WHAT MAKES OLD MAIDS.

**A**LTHOUGH this earth has reached a tolerably mature age, there is a vast number of exceedingly interesting conundrums for which no answers have as yet been found.

Some of those questions have been tackled by the great men of antiquity, but the conundrums have generally thrown the men.

That being so, it is not to be wondered at that the modern philosophers have failed to conquer such difficult questions. The ancients brought to the investigation of a conundrum that great machine, logic; but the moderns have discarded logic in favor of experience.

In former times, when the logical method was in universal use among philosophers, your premises and your conclusion might be wrong, but your process of reasoning was certain to be correct.

Now-a-days your premises, your conclusion and your reasoning may all be wrong. Take an illustration of the two methods.

A young man is smitten with a fair damsel, say Araminta Jones, and desires to know whether she is or is not fond of taffy. By the logical method he would proceed thus:

1. All women are fond of taffy.
2. Araminta Jones is a woman.

Araminta Jones is fond of taffy.

By the modern method he would be compelled to go and interview Araminta's former young man as to Araminta's fondness for condensed sugar, and that former young man might deceive him. Logic is the true means

for investigating conundrums, and it has this advantage, that there is nothing which you cannot prove by it.

As Aristotle has said, "Allow the logician to assume his premises, and he can prove that a beautiful maiden bears a remarkable resemblance to a store dummy."\*

See how the modern system of investigation has muddled the question now under consideration.

For many years modern philosophers have struggled with this subject, and, though many of the investigators have complacently pretended that they have solved the conundrum, yet in their own hearts they know that they have deceived a confiding public. "What makes old maids?" one modern investigator flippantly remarks. "Why the disparity between the number of male and female children born into the world." Was worse nonsense than that ever uttered? In the first place, it isn't true. In the second place, if it were true, we could easily obviate the difficulty by the East Indian method of drowning the surplus female babies, or by the Utah method of sealing seven women to one man. Other investigators have suggested that old maids are made by the extravagant demands of the modern young woman.

Again nonsense! I admit that the girl of 18 wants a brown-stone front, and diamonds, and an account at a Broadway dry-goods house, and a coach and four; but at 19 she will take the house, and the diamonds, and the account, and a spiked team; at 20 she will be satisfied with a single team to her carriage; at 21 she'll take a buggy; at 22 she'll go on foot; at 23 she'll drop the diamonds; at 24 she'll be satisfied with a flat and an account at a Sixth Avenue store; at 25 she will ask only a man; at 26 she will take one of those things chiefly made by the tailors, and which, for the lack of any other name, we call a man. Now, no one can say that at 26 the young woman's demands are extravagant.

Other investigators claim that old maids are made because the modern young man does not care enough to support a wife.

That is foolishness. Nothing is better settled than that what is enough for one is a vast supply for two.

Any one who has read the tables which were published in the daily papers some time ago, must have been convinced of that fact. Men

\* If that quotation from Aristotle should not be printed in Greek, the purchaser is entitled to return his copy of the paper to the man who sold it to him and to get his money back—if he can.—AUTHOR.

showed that as bachelors it cost them from \$10 to \$30 per week to live, and then happy wives showed by such tables as the following:

Buckwheat for cakes, per week,	10 cents.
Meal for mush,	10 "
Roasted peas for coffee,	5 "
Tripe,	10 "
Hash,	20 "
Rent,	50 "
Coal,	25 "

that the expenses for two are \$1.40 per week.

Hugging and kissing are thrown in, so that a fellow is not compelled to have a darling whom he must treat with ice-cream, and peanuts, and picnics, as a compensation for the privilege of occasionally putting his arm around her waist, when they sit on a stoop or ride in a horse-car.

In this manner all the explanations offered by the modern investigators could be shown to be no explanations at all. The truth is that they have not tackled the conundrum in the proper way. You may drop a bucket down a well time after time, until your arms are worn down to mere stumps, and you will not obtain even a tea-cupful of truth, unless you permit the bucket to go straight down to the bottom of the well. Everything is in the way you tackle a conundrum.

Let us apply the eternal principles of logic to the question under consideration. It is apparent that we have here a conundrum in what the logicians call "Celarent," and it takes the following form:

1. No woman remains single voluntarily.

Everybody will admit the soundness of that proposition, if put upon oath. I know some women say that they hate the men, but don't you propose to them on that theory.

2. All old maids are women.

I don't feel so confident that everybody will admit the truth of that proposition, but of course it is meant physiologically.

3. No old maid remains single voluntarily.

The stupidest reasoner can see that No. 3 necessarily results from Nos. 1 and 2.

That, however, only takes us one step on our way. We have settled that old maids are made old maids by some extraneous force, and it remains for us to discover what that outside force is. Logic is quite equal to that task. Another argument in "Celarent" will settle the whole question. The following is the formula:

1. No extraneous power can control a woman, except—

I had written to that point when my wife entered the room and looked over my shoulder.

Married men know, of course, what happened, but, as there may be a few single men yet left in the world, I will recount what happened. I placed my pen on the desk.

"What makes old maids?" my wife read from the first page of this essay.

I looked up into her face with a smile.

"Why, time, of course," she added. "If it were not for time they would remain young maids."

She was right, but could anything be more aggravating?

That's always the way with women; they jump at conclusions without caring for the steps of the syllogism. If my wife had held her tongue, I would have developed a beautiful major premise, and minor premise, and a conclusion. I would have proved logically, that time makes old maids. However, that work is useless now, and so I give the conclusion which my wife jumped at.

## SENSIBLE QUESTION.



MOTHER OF THE FAMILY (from rural districts):—  
 "What do you charge wholesale?"



## NICE YOUNG MEN.

**W**E like to be the champions of the wronged and oppressed whenever it is proper and possible; and we always respond to the plaintive howl for help that arises from the tender citizen who can't take care of himself. But sometimes we think that the public is rather inclined to abuse our sympathy and politeness.

There are some cases which, even by the utmost stretch of journalistic privilege, cannot be considered legitimate subjects for the interference of the very liveliest and most independent journal. We have to draw the line somewhere, and we draw it *here*.

Last week this office was honored by the visit of two young gentlemen who evidently belonged to one of the tribes of Israel—to one of the tribes unfortunately *not* lost. They wore collars much too large for them—also noses similarly superfluous in quantity. They wanted to see "dot ayditor."

They were politely staved off from the editorial presence; and were requested to state their business in writing. Thereupon, inside of three quarters of an hour—they were young men of marked literary abilities—they drew up and presented the following communication.

NY Oct 11/79

To the Editor of The Puck

If the Shirt Girls M & Son... Bdway Dont stop of yelling down the Speaking Tube the Cutters of H & W, B... will have to tell their mar's about it H. K.

As we have said, we scarcely consider that the grievance of these young men calls for redress at our hands. It *does* call for redress, perhaps, at the hands of the "mars." For these young men appear to us to need such an application of the maternal palm as they were probably more familiar with at a tenderer age.

No, it is not the duty of a newspaper to correct a couple of supernaturally ignorant little cads who imagine that their petty personal concerns are of interest to the public at large. But it is the duty of their parents or guardians to punish, and right soundly, too, the vulgar meanness that seeks thus to annoy a parcel of foolish, indiscreet shop-girls. The miserable position of the young woman who works for her bread ought to command a certain respect. No one with a shade of manliness would try to bring such women into public disgrace—perhaps get them into trouble with the people to whom they owe their bread and butter. Probably "H. K." and his companion would think it a very fine thing to induce some "flash" sheet to print a reference to the foolish behavior of the seamstresses of the house they wish us to mention, and thereby throw them into the hands of a horde of scamps always on the lookout for such poor, foolish girls.

If these boys have not parents to chastise them, we trust their employers will give them the lesson they need. The name of the firm that enjoys the services of these ornaments to mercantile life is Herman & Wolf, 406 Broadway.

## THE THEATRES.

"French Flats" was produced last night at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE, too late for notice this week.

One can always hear good and lively music at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERTS. If you don't believe us, go and judge for yourself.

The FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE is still the home of opéra-bouffe, and Angèle, Paola-Marié and Capoul keep house. "Le Petit Faust" is the present lively racket.

Miss Nard Almayne showed last Saturday what she knew about *Ophelia* to the *Hamlet* of Mr. Bandmann.

"Enchantment" enchants as usual at NIBLO's with its excellent ballet and all sorts of other things. Sir Joseph Tooker is always on deck, and is as useful at his post as he is ornamental.

The STANDARD is now giving "H. M. S. Pinafore" by W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan. It is an amusing piece and contains many bright and catching airs which will doubtless become popular.

"Hobbies," "Hobbies," "Hobbies" fill or rather fills HAVERLY'S THEATRE nightly; and why shouldn't it? for Goodwin is decidedly funny and Weathersby can make a piece of this kind go if anybody can.

MR. DALY'S superb theatre was filled on Saturday evening last with a fashionable audience to see two of Molière's comedies, anglicised and adapted into modern unity by Mr. Bronson Howard under the name of "Wives." Wes hall have more to say of this anon.

"Dundreary" has given place to "David Garrick" at the PARK, and we don't think Mr. Abbey and Mr. Sothern have much cause to complain of the public patronage, except on the ground of the house not being constructed of India-rubber.

At CHICKERING HALL Mr. Joseffy, the latest invention in piano players, is astonishing the natives, and naturalized and unnaturalized citizens who are fond of music. Mr. Joseffy is a sort of von Bülow, Rubenstein, Liszt, Essipoff, rolled into one, with all their best points and few of their objectionable ones.

Anybody who has not visited the AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, we beg pardon—Exhibition, does not deserve well of his or her country. It betrays a lack of appreciation of many useful and ornamental things, which is much to be deplored. The sin of omission is, however, easily remedied by losing no time in getting up there by Mr. Cyrus Field's beastly railroad.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Call her in, out of the rain.

WALDRON.—Permit us to suggest to you that it is customary, in journalistic circles, to send the point of your joke along with the joke itself. We are desirous of being just as accommodating as it is possible to be; but we really can't wait till the apex, as it were, of your contribution arrives by canal.

H. J. B., Jr.—You want to know "what qualifications are necessary to become a successful playwright?" Well, that depends. If you seriously intend embarking in the American Dramatist business, we should say that a small appetite and a sanguine disposition would be about the best capital to start in on.

SAMUEL JACKSON.—We don't want to flatter you; but if you could conveniently have yourself stuffed and framed, we should take great pleasure in hanging you up in our office. The man who could send us an ice-cream poem on the seventeenth of October deserves to be immortalized for cold cheek, if for nothing else.

GOLDEN BELL.—The leaves *are* dropping from the bare and lifeless branches, that is a solemn fact. But we see no reason why we should attempt to interfere with their dropping by inserting your poem. Let the leaves drop, young man; and, while you are about it, suppose you follow their example, and gravitate on yourself.

G. A. M., B St., Washington.—Do us the favor to turn to our second page, first column, nonpareil paragraph, relating to our utter inability to return rejected communications. Not even stamps will woo us to break a rule which we have been obliged to adopt for our own protection. And you haven't even sought to woo us with stamps.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CX.

HE BECOMES ENGAGED.



Ya-a, I aw have done it at last. I am engaged to Miss Marguerwite. I pwoposed and have been accepted.

Jack says I am a lucky fellow, and

'pon my soul I don't think it's a very bad shot aftah all, faw Miss Marguerwite is a aw sweet gyurl, and fah superwiah to the averwage wun of Amerwican female cweatures.

I don't know pwecisly when the matwimoniai cerwemony will take place, but neithah Miss Marguerwite nor myself is in a particulah hurwy, although I can't say I have a pwedilection faw long engagements; they are not verwy good form.

I suppose many fellows are extwemely anxious to know undah what circumstances I wesolved—awscwewed up my courwage to p-p-pop the question.

It was a verwy simple mattah.

Faw a long perwiod people have thought that I was wathah attentive in the dirwrection of Miss Marguerwite, and they were apparwntly not so verwy fah out.

I aw followed in her twain pwetty well to all the wesorts and othah places she gwaced by her pwesence durwing the summah, and when she had weturned and comfortably settled in town, I thought that my opportunity had arwived.

The memorwable interwogation was pwopounded by me aftah dinnah last evening.

I found Miss Marguerwite sitting in the dwawing-woom, weading some kind of literwature. She wasn't surpwised to see me. She nevah is. I was wejoiced to he-ah fwom her that her young cub of a bwothah—my horwah—had gone out of town for severah weeks, so that there would be no interwupcion fwom him.

Aftah we had exchanged the usual gweetings, I thought I had bettah speak and get wid of the mattah at once.

"Miss Marguerwite," I said, "I aw nevah gave you cwedit for being blind, so I suppose you must have seen that I have aw considerable admirwation faw you. I have, 'pon my soul."

Miss Marguerwite smiled and bowed.

"Aw I merely wished to observe that, if there are no insuperwable objections, I should wathah think it a pwivilege to be allowed to become your aw husband."

Miss Marguerwite said nothing. I wesumed my addwess.

"Aw many people say I am a fool. Perwhaps I am, but I have everwy weason to believe that there are a large numbah of gweatah fools in existence, which is weassurwing if twue."

Miss Marguerwite was still silent.

"Aw I should verwy much like to have your weply, if agweeable or otherwise."

Miss Marguerwite's answer was favorwable, and she weally didn't seem offended aw, and she actually allowed me to impwint a kiss on her forewhead.

I don't think I shall descwibe any more of these engagement pwocceedings faw the pwesent aw.

Numbers 1, 3, 24, 34, 38, 43, 44, 48, 50, 62, 68, 73, 84 and 88 of Puck will be bought at this office, No. 21 & 23 Warren St, at 10 CENTS per copy; and Numbers 9, 14, 26, 53, 56 and 58 at 25 CENTS per copy.

In sending copies by mail please roll lengthwise.





THE RELIGIOUS V





IOUS VANITY FAIR.



# ARCHIE GASCOYNE

## A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK,

BY

JOHN FRASER.

AUTHOR OF

"Effie: A Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;"  
"Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of Life;"  
"Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney,"  
etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

"Farewell, old world! thy part is done,  
To us thou hast been ever kind;  
But, ho! 'tis onward with the sun,  
And leave the empty morn behind."

"My native land, good-night!"

Anon

Byron.

IT was at the little village of Salen, a picturesque hamlet on the mouth of the small stream of the same name, and one of the best salmon rivers in Mull, that Archie succeeded in affecting his escape. He had not so much difficulty in doing so as he had anticipated.

Mlle. Thollier, utterly worn out by fatigue and want of rest, had fallen fast asleep in the stewardess's room, after a cup of tea and some other slight refreshment. She had, indeed, given the stewardess strict injunctions not to let her oversleep the hour; but she looked so miserably tired, and her slumbers were so profound, that her kind-hearted attendant had not the heart to waken her. So she let her sleep on, and while she was asleep Archie took advantage of the growing dusk, and the bustle incident on the steamer's arrival at the pier, to make good his escape.

It is unnecessary to detail at length how from Salen he crossed to the mainland in a small boat, and from there by the most out-of-the-way and least-known routes he could discover, traveled overland to Glasgow. It is sufficient to know that he eventually got there—a very different looking man, by the way, from the bright, fresh, brave young lad who had left St. Mungo only a few weeks before.

"God bless me," cried burly McPherson, the College bedellus—for Archie had gone straight to him—"it's not you, Mr. Gascoyne! You're awfully changed, sir!"

Archie smiled a sickly sort of smile, and murmured something about fever. Then he asked if any letters or message had been left for him. Yes, there had been. Having got them, he next gave instructions to the janitor to tell anyone who might call for him that he had gone abroad for his health and did not know when he might return. As for any letters that might be delivered at the College for him, would McPherson kindly re-post them, under cover, not to him, but to

DAVID STEVENSON, ESQ.,  
of MESSRS. STEVENSON, WRIGHT & Co.,  
Solicitors,  
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mr. Stevenson, it may be explained, was the family solicitor, as his forefathers had been from time immemorial. For him Archie had the utmost respect; even, indeed, affection, and now that he was in trouble, he had wisely resolved to make Mr. Stevenson his confidant; to reveal to him, and to him only, his plans, and generally to get his advice.

Having got his letters and bade good-bye to McPherson, Archie drove back to his hotel; he had been afraid to go near his old lodging for fear he might be tracked there.

Arrived at his hotel he hastened to open and read his letters. Most of them were bills, but there were two which immediately claimed his attention. The one was from Doctor McDonald—the other from his father.

The latter was unexpectedly kind. The Baronet had thought over the matter of the proposed alienation of the property, and on reflection was disposed to think that Archie might be in the right after all. At any rate the necessity for selling it, if such necessity ever existed, had now passed away. His American investment had suddenly taken a remarkable turn for the better. The shares in the Isabella Silver mine in particular had gone up with a rush, and he expected to clear from £100,000 to £150,000. Already he was to the good to the tune of nearly £20,000. Altogether things were looking extremely well, and he purposed leaving that day week—the letter was three weeks old—for New York, per Cunard S. S. *Bothnia*, with the view of visiting the Nevada and other mines in which he was interested. In these circumstances he was extremely anxious to see his only son before starting. There had been some little disagreement; and such things should not be between father and son. Would Archie try to forget that such a thing had been, and run up to Liverpool to receive his blessing and see him off? It was not impossible that Archie might find himself able and free to accompany his father. The trip would do him good, and Sir Alexander only trusted Archie could accompany him. He was, however, by no means sure—Archie's address and whereabouts being so uncertain—whether this letter might reach him in time or not. He hoped it would, but meanwhile inclosed a check on the British Linen Bank for £500. If more were required, Stevenson had received instructions to advance it. Finally, Sir Alexander's address while in America would be the Brevoort House, New York.

That, of course, is not exactly how the letter ran, and we have omitted many domestic and business details which have no immediate bearing on the story; but it gives the gist of it, and as Archie finished reading the kindly, considerate and tenderly affectionate letter, he bitterly repented ever having opposed his father's wishes, and burst into tears.

"Dear old father," he murmured to himself, "dear old father. What an ungrateful wretch I was. And he loves me after all. Thank God—thank God there is some one who will stand by me yet—some one to live for."

Then memories of his mother came up before him; and memories of that other woman he had loved as she looked in those golden days when he had thought her good and true; and the poor lad, utterly overcome by all the accumulated anguish and anxiety of the last few days, and the bitter, tender recollections of happier times, gave way to his grief.

But Gascoyne was not one of your crying sort, and his tears were soon brushed away. Having recovered his composure, he completed his arrangements for travel, and took the express train for Newcastle.

As to the interview between himself and Mr. Stevenson, we need only say that the lad told the old lawyer everything; showed him, too, Sir Alexander's letter; told him of his plans, and got his advice.

That was unprofessionally simple and brief. Simply to take the first steamer for New York, and having arrived there, to drive to the Brevoort House and ask for Sir Alexander. Until he landed on American soil, and perhaps, indeed, even after, he should assume some other name. But to this Archie was invincibly opposed; he had done so once before, and see what had come of it! No; come what might, he was Gascoyne, and Gascoyne he would remain to the end of the chapter.

Nor was this the only point on which the two had disagreed. The solicitor's mind was by no means clear as to Archie's account of what had happened on that fatal night. He did not for a moment doubt the lad's words, but Archie had been, of course, terribly excited, and the night pitch dark. Besides, it was very strange that not a word regarding the tragedy had got into the daily papers, and that, so far as could be discovered, no effort had been made to capture Archie. Altogether, the solicitor was dissatisfied, and he made up his mind to go on an early day to Skye, and quietly examine into the matter for himself.

\* \* \*

On consulting the time tables, Archie found that the first steamer to leave for New York was the *State of Georgia*, from Glasgow, which was advertised to sail next morning from the Clyde. So he made up his mind to go with it, and Mr. Stevenson, who loved the boy as if he had been his own son, accompanied him to Glasgow to see him off and wish him "God-speed."

The kindly old gentleman felt deeply for his young friend, and could not bear that he should leave his native country with all that weight of grief and anxiety weighing on him, without at least one familiar voice to whisper cheering words, and one friendly hand to give him a farewell shake. And Archie felt the old man's kindness very much, though he said but little.

At last, after long waiting, the last bell rang, and orders were given to clear the ship.

"Goodbye, my boy, and God bless you," whispered the old man cheerily, though with a faltering hoarseness that belied his smile, as he wrung Archie's hand.

"Goodbye, Mr. Stevenson, and — and — thank you."

Commonplace words enough, but the two men understood each other.

"Remember me to Sir Alexander!" shouted Mr. Stevenson, as he stepped from the gangway on to the pier.

"Aye! aye!" cried Archie in reply, his voice all but drowned by the noise of escaping steam, the sudden thud of the great engines, and the general shouting and confusion.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, a few minutes after midnight, that the good S. S. *State of Georgia* slowly and laboriously began to move from the pier, and under charge of two powerful tugs steamed cautiously down the muddy and narrow channel of the Clyde.

Never in after life did Archie forget that glorious sail down Scotland's loveliest river and firth.

Overhead a great full moon, dazzlingly brilliant, floated on a circular sea of milk-white clouds, which in their turn were encircled by rolling masses as of brown smoke, deepening in color outwards, and gashed and seamed by great streaks and chasms of beautiful, deep blue.

On either side lay the water calm, unbroken and uniformly black, save where the forked lights from the lamps along the wharf smote



the surface into short, thin streaks of flickering brightness. Above the water, again, rose the deep blackness of the river banks, and over that the lighter darkness of the great blocks of houses and river-sheds, surmounted by the fine lines of innumerable masts and yards, all showing stereoscopically distinct and black against the fine, gray clouds.

Then, as they gradually crept down the river, and left piers and buildings behind, the water took on an indescribable kind of steely darkish color, and the rows of stately buildings gave place to a long ridge of wooded hills, the gray, dimly descried outlines of which seemed to melt into and become incorporated with the sky, which was now of a light gray.

And now, suddenly, from a thin film of cloud, the moon—one great orb of blazing silver—sailed majestically out into a wide sea of brilliant azure, round which curled and rolled in wreathed masses—one could almost have thought, lovingly—great volumes of greyish-white clouds. Then, all in a moment, the brilliant orb plunged into a bank of thick black cloud, and all was darkness; and, as the darkness fell, the good ship steamed into Greenock harbor.

There it was discovered that, being behind time in starting, they were to steam right out for sea, not calling, as usual, at Larne, the only place of call with the State Line steamers on the Irish coast; and every passenger on board made a simultaneous rush for pens, ink and paper, to send off a last message to friends left behind.

The tender now came alongside with the purser and dispatches, and in another minute the word "All right" was given, the ropes were cast loose, the great engine resumed that monotonous thud-thud which was to remain unbroken during the next ten days, and the *State of Georgia*, with our hero on board, was steaming full-speed out towards the open sea.

Late as was the hour, and oppressed and tired as Archie felt, he could not readily tear himself away from sight of the land he loved so well, and might never see again. And, in very truth, it was a sight worth seeing.

Gradually the dark clouds melted away; the great moon kept sailing grandly over one great ocean of blue; and, as it brightened and brightened, the outline of the Renfrewshire hills deepened in intensity, taking on a deeper and darker hue, and the lights from a thousand windows sprinkled the blackness of the hillside with tiny specks of fire. Away to the right, across the calm expanse of black marine, loomed up the low-lying hills, wooded to the top, of Helensburgh, their base showing very clear against the black sea, and their summits being so exactly the color of the sky that the boundary line would have been hard to distinguish were it not for the fine fringe of dark that ran round the horizon.

But lovely as was the scenery, and personally affecting as was the situation, Archie was too worn out physically and mentally to sit up all night. As it was, he had had the deck to himself for some hours, so far as the passengers were concerned; for they had turned in long before.

A cold wind, too, had come out of the east, and as he drew up the collar of his heavy ulster about his neck he shivered. So with a last, lingering look he turned to leave and seek much-needed rest.

But as he got to the sliding door at the head of the wide stairs leading down to the main cabin and staterooms he paused and instinctively turned his sad, eager face northwards. He had not meant to do it; hardly, indeed, was he conscious that he was doing it. Northwards—to where so much of the brightness and freshness and beauty of his young life lay for ever buried; northwards to the misty mountains of Skye, and the fair, green, sea-washed

fields through which he had loved to walk with Her.

In that magnificently clear moonlight he could see, or thought he saw, far over the snow-capped summit of the mighty Ben Cruachan, the misty peaks of the gray giants of Morven loom up like a faint bank of pale, whitish purple.

And beyond these he knew rose those other mountains with which so many sweetly bitter memories were associated, and in "his mind's eye" he could discern the jagged peaks of the towering Cuchullins as he had last seen them—their bare and wind-swept sides dyed a resplendent red in the last blaze of sunset. And at their feet, comparatively speaking—slept the green fields and wooded meadows of Gleninver, where She, doubtless, was even then. And as he looked, her face—gloriously fair as in the time he had thought her true—rose up before him, and the tears came to his eyes, and with a sigh he tore himself away and descended to his berth.

But through all that night that one face never left him, and think what he might, it never lost that look of innocence and purity which seemed even to give the lie to his suspicions and beliefs.

\* \* \*

When next Archie woke, they were driving at full speed along the bare, bleak, rocky northern coast of the Emerald Isle, and all around them the great, hungry ocean heaved and writhed in a very agony of foamy discontent.

(To be continued.)



### Puck's Archanges.

It was a jealous husband who  
Thought his wife used to bestow  
Much more attention than she should  
On a gay Lothario;  
So he sought till he found out everything  
He didn't want to know.

"Wretches!" he cried, with flaming eyes  
And straight up-bristling hair,  
As he burst into the drawing-room  
And found the guilty pair  
Engaged in swapping peppermints  
Seated in a single chair.

And then, as is the husband's wont  
He went on to attack  
His wife: "Was it for this that I  
Bought you a sealskin sacque?  
Viper, hyenas never showed  
Ingratitude so black!"

Then to upbraid her he went on  
With such a rage acharnée  
Ice-cold beside his words had seemed  
A speech by Dennis Kearney;  
Demosthenes's philippics to them  
Had sounded like soft blarney.

When, lo! with awful dignity  
Rose that Lothario gay,  
And, frowning black, in thunder tones  
Did to the husband say:  
"Sirr! I never let a lady friend  
Be spoken to that way!"

—Chicago Tribune.

"ZACH" Chandler is introduced to his Ohio audience as "the man who saved the nation from Samuel J. Tilden."—*Boston Post*.

POOR LORNE! Although unused to the rigors of a Canadian climate, he will have to sleep alone this winter.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

It has been noticed by a Philadelphia youth that the wide belts now worn by fashionable females are just the width of a gentleman's coat sleeve.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

THE base-ball manager man reads the accounts of the gate-money taken in by the pedestrians, and wonders how the public can uphold such a beastly sport.—*Washington Capitol*.

MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST, one of London's professional beauties, and Mrs. Langtry's rival, has fair, short hair, a small head, glorious eyes, a husband, and three children.—*Buffalo Every Saturday*.

ACCORDING to the poet Campbell, "The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky." As long as they don't set "grandfather's clock" in the sky, we shall be willing to go up there.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE Duke of Argyll has evidently taken a share in the New York *Nation*. That periodical appears to be so very much interested in the mania for scratching, which, in its opinion, is spreading.—*N. Y. Comm. Advertiser*.

A MAN out West has sued a newspaper for libel, because it said he killed a man. The newspaper wants to compromise, and advises him to make the report true by killing somebody. He has accepted the advice, and is hunting around for the editor.—*Oil City Derrick*.

A LONDON correspondent of the Boston *Post* says that Mrs. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin are soon to marry "leading members of the British aristocracy." The established church will soon have to add prayers for the "leading members of the British aristocracy."—*Bangor Commercial*.

SARA BERNHARDT has been convinced that her repertoire of four children and no husband will not be popular with American audiences.—*Brooklyn Eagle*. Do we infer that she intends to increase her repertoire in order to be "popular" with American audiences?—*New Haven Register*.

If Barnum is really anxious to secure a curiosity which will bring money into his coffers, he ought to try to secure the woman (there can't possibly be more than one) who will go out walking with another woman and wait outside while number two goes in to purchase a new hat.—*N. Y. Comm. Advertiser*.

PUCK is extremely hard on Grant and the third term. Grant is so taciturn that nobody can say what he feels, but we make a broad guess that he thinks one term of such boring as San Francisco is now giving him is about all he can stagger through. They say he talks in his sleep.—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

A GENTLE, spirituelle woman who can't go out into the back yard to hang up her week's washing for fear of catching cold, will gallivant all over a wet beach for two hours in a bathing-suit, and flop around in the surf a whole forenoon, and never complain of her health as long as there's a man with spy-glasses sitting on the hotel stoop.—*St. Louis Commercial*.

A KEOKUK boy has built a small engine or motor which runs by the power of Limburger cheese. The stronger the cheese the stronger the engine runs. He thinks he has struck a big bonanza, and by adding a few onions and a small quantity of boarding-house butter, enough strength will be obtained to hold a mule by the hind legs while the smallest kind of a boy twists the mule's tail.—*Keokuk Constitution*.



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Manufactured by B. POLLAK, New York.

**THE SHORT-SIGHTED PRIMA DONNA.**

I am a favorite everywhere,  
A million I've delighted;  
But one thing mars my life so fair—  
I'm awfully near-sighted!

Of course, upon the stage, you know,  
I cannot wear my glasses,  
And the ennui I undergo  
All fantasy surpasses.

When to the tenor I should own  
My feverous passion gladly,  
I always grasp the baritone  
And clasp him to me madly.

I fling my arms around the bass,  
Defying the libretto;  
And always manage to embrace  
The Duke, not Rigoletto!

In every drinking-song, alas!  
When I perform the grand belle,  
I seize, instead of cup or glass,  
An inkstand or a hand-bell!

And when I go to take a chair;  
To suit the act's conditions,  
In spite of my unwearied care,  
I fall, in all positions!

Then when a kindly audience means  
To call me out quite clearly,  
I always knock against the scenes,  
And bump my head severely.

And should I gracefully appear,  
When a recall is certain,  
To make my curtsy far and near,  
I'm knocked down by the curtain!

To sing in "Norma" I was reared,  
But my eyesight's so fickle,  
I oft mistake the high-priest's beard  
For ivy with my sickle!

And once in operatic rage,  
Singing as fine as Tietjens,  
I missed the exit on the stage,  
And stepped on the musicians!

The prompter's box I've hugged and pressed  
In wildest jubilation,  
Thinking I held unto my breast,  
Manrico, my salvation!

And I have warbled by the hour,  
(Last act of "Trovatore"),  
Unto the woods and *not* the tower,  
Where tenors yell for glory.

Dinorah has a shadow song,  
And when I sing the tune light,  
I never once danced straight along  
Upon the calcium moonlight!

And every fall, mistake and blow,  
Gives me a keen reminder  
That I, in all my youthful glow,  
Am daily growing blinder.

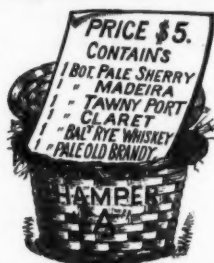
But I care naught, and will rejoice  
So long as critics laud me,  
And when, enraptured by my voice,  
A thousand hands applaud me!  
*Cupid Jones, in the Hand Organ.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S grave is said to be "neglected and stoneless." He left too many afflicted widows. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. When the condition of her late husband's grave is mentioned to Mrs. Young No. 10, she replies: "Well, if he wants a tomb-stone, let that proud, stuck-up Belinda Jane Young get him one—it's as much her business as it is mine!" And when the subject is brought to the attention of Belinda Jane, who is Widow Young No. 14, she retorts: "Let Sarah Jerusha Young attend to it. She has known him longer than I." And it looks as if he would never get a tombstone.—*Norristown Herald.*

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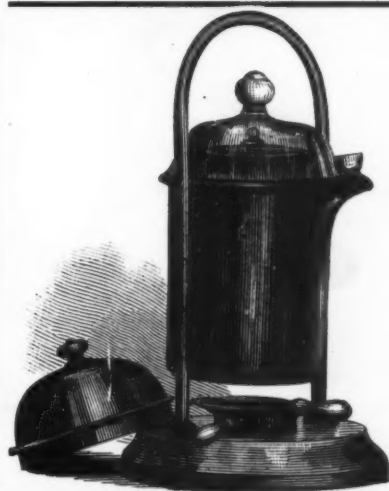
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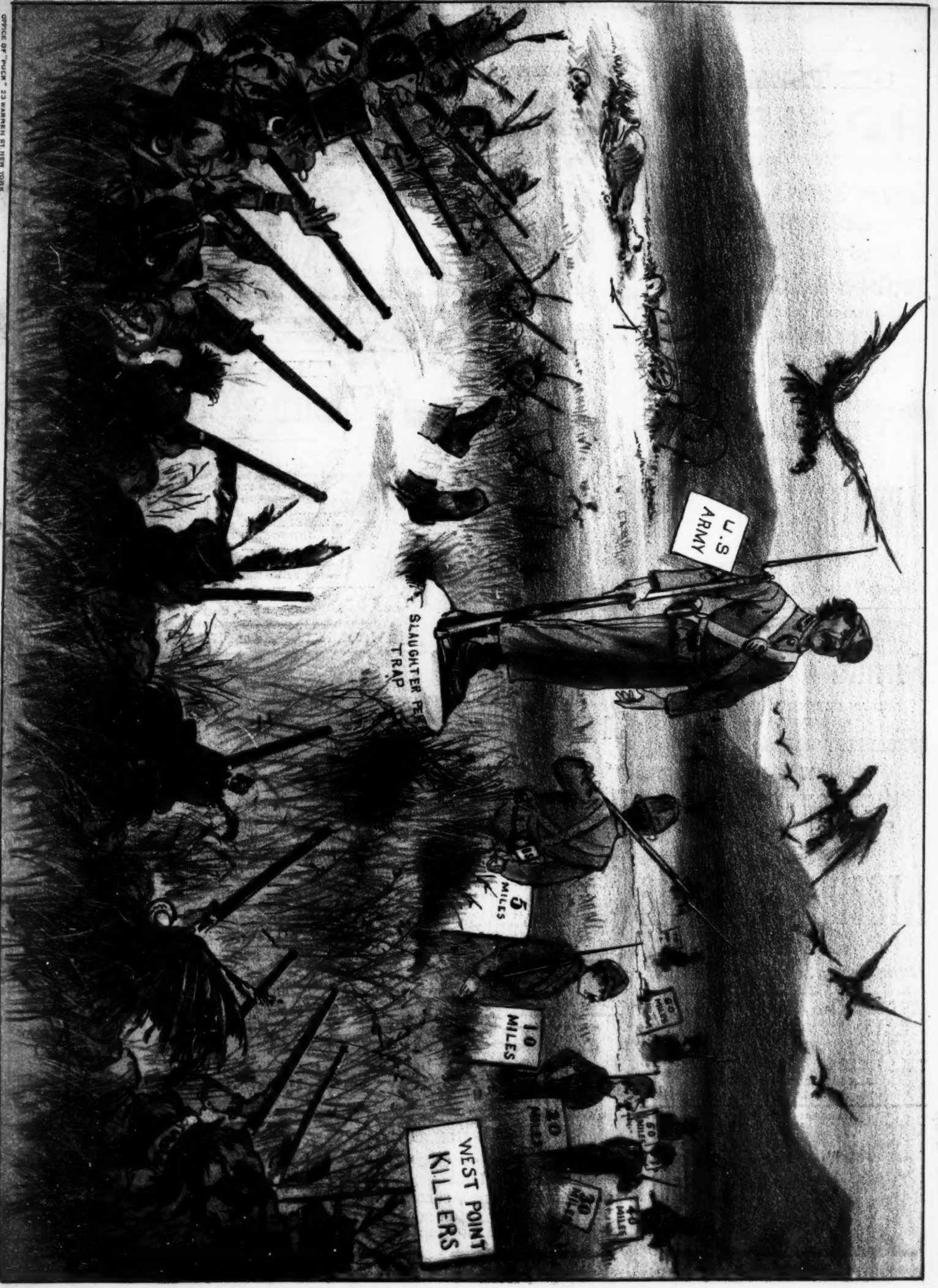
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